No Words Necessary

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Summary

> “Okay, fine. I’m sorry I laughed at your squeaky voice ONE TIME. I’m sorry, Hannibal. Are you seriously not going to say a goddamn word until you are 100% healthy again?”

Notes

> This is what I do when I don't want to write dialogue for Hannibal anymore: make him lose his voice.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Come on, knock it off, Hannibal.”

Hannibal’s gaze was trained onto his tablet, and he didn’t even look up at his husband. Will rolled his eyes, and folded his arms.

“Hannibal, you were shot in front of me and you barely let out a sigh. You have a sore throat from a cold, it’s not a big deal, you can complain about it in front of me if you want to.”

No answer. Hannibal continued reading. Will sighed.

“Okay, *fine.* I’m sorry I laughed at your squeaky voice ONE TIME. I’m sorry, Hannibal. Are you seriously not going to say a goddamn word until you are 100% healthy again?”

Again, no answer. Will sighed again, and decided to pull out his trump card. He made his way to the couch where Hannibal was sitting, and chose to sit right by his side, nuzzling up against his neck.

“Don’t be upset with me,” he murmurs, just on the good side of pleading as he lets his hand rest on the top of Hannibal’s thigh and rub soothing circles. “Forgive me?” he then asks, his voice damn near a purr. He bats his eyes a little forcefully as Hannibal still very decidedly does not turn his head. “Come on, I know it’s working.”

Hannibal reaches across the table and picks up his sketchbook and pen, before writing out a note. He then lets Will read it himself.

You are a menace.

Will snorts. “Like you can talk. And you love it, don’t lie.”

I never denied my true statement.

“Are you seriously going to only communicate through perfect cursive from now on?”

Of course not, Will. Only for the next two or three days.

“Why?”

So that I don’t strain my voice further and delay the healing process.

“And you’re still grouchy that I laughed at your voice cracking like a teenager.”

Hannibal glares at him this time, and that says more than any note could. Will tries nuzzling into his neck again, murmuring softly, “I love you.”

He breaks away to the sound of a pen scratching, and a not-so-subtle nudge at Will. He looked down at the sketchbook.

I love you as well. But fetch me the corkscrew and the Malbec, if you please. And a glass.

“‘I love you but you drive me to drink,’ huh?” Will joked, getting up off of the couch and heading towards the kitchen. Hannibal picked up his tablet again and continued reading, only to look down at the table a bit later when something was sat down in front of him. It was not the requested Malbec with a corkscrew and a glass. Instead, it was a cup of ginger tea with a lemon circle floating in the middle.

“See, I even put lemon in it,” Will smiles, sitting back down beside Hannibal with a few papers. “And honey. You shouldn’t drink with an irritated throat.”

Will goes back to reading his papers for his meeting tomorrow when there’s a subtle nudge to his shoulder. He turns his head and reads the newest message on the sketchbook.

You are a <u>menace</u>, is written again, but underlined. *But I appreciate your concern for my well-being.*

“You’re welcome,” Will says, letting Hannibal take his hand as he went back to reading. It was a quiet sort of peace, holding hands and reading while the dog was content to chase her ball in the upstairs, her feet thumping the carpeted floors above them.

As expected, there was a nudge and another message written when Will turned back to Hannibal.

Go stop her before she breaks something, please.

“Hannibal, all the doors are closed in the upstairs, and I even locked the ones where the most valuable things are,” Will reminded, not for the first time. “She’s just playing, let her be.” He sealed this by squeezing Hannibal’s hand once and turned back to his work. He didn’t bother hiding his smile when he felt Hannibal squeeze his hand back.

“It’s freezing on the beach, Hannibal, this is ridiculous,” Will sighed the next day as he leans against the sliding glass door to their veranda. He was watching Hannibal hold their dog’s leash and watch her try to scamper off when a bird landed nearby. She didn’t get far, and anyway, as soon as she saw Will she was more than content to follow along as Hannibal made his way back onto the veranda to join his husband. He undid Cephy’s leash and Will scratched the top of her head before letting her run back inside and head for her food bowl. Will then straightened up about the same time that Hannibal finished writing another message and gave it to Will to read.

The little hellhound wanted to go for a walk and you were not home yet. And the sun was shining, not overcast like the previous few days.

“It’s going to rain tomorrow, enjoy it while it lasts,” Will stated, stepping aside so Hannibal could enter the kitchen. “I’m sorry I had to step out, had to do an appointment to keep the alias up.”

Hannibal nods, and Will notes that he turns immediately in the direction of the stove, interested in whatever was being repaired on the stove. Will followed behind him, pulling open the refrigerator and retrieving the pesto from the top shelf. He turned, and pushed Hannibal's hand away from where it was reaching for the lid on the pot on the stove.

"Stop, don't get your germs on it," he teased, and stopped Hannibal when he reached into his pocket for the notebook. "And don't write a snippy note for me, just sit at the counter, it'll be ready for a minute."

Hannibal did so, writing a quick note and pushing it forward. Will rolled his eyes fondly and picked it up.

What are you making?

"Tomato soup."

Hannibal looked quickly over at the trash can and Will swatted at his hand in pretend annoyance. "You can go through the trash if you want, it wasn't from a can. I know how to cook, Hannibal. I'm just finishing it."

Hannibal watches as Will went back to his work, turning down the heat on the stove as he stirred one and a half spoonfuls of pesto into the soup. After he spooned portions into the bowls he added a handful of pine nuts and croutons. Will made to set down the bowls at the table but Hannibal stopped him with a hand to his shoulder and a look. Instead, Will set them down on the counter and pulled a chair up beside him.

They ate in relative silence for the meal, Hannibal writing a quick note to inform Will that the soup was delicious, and he insisted on washing the dishes, letting Will go upstairs and shower. He washed bowls and put them away in the correct china cabinet and then set the pans aside to dry overnight. Letting out a slightly annoyed half breath, he removed a treat from the bag in the pantry and fed it to their whining dog, who happily accepted the gift and trotted off to enjoy it in her bed. Hannibal then went upstairs to their room, and paused in the doorway at the sight of Will, hair still damp from the shower and a towel around his waist, as he licked his finger and turned a page in his book.

His feet were guided forward seemingly of their own accord, and instead of undressing and preparing for bed, he chose to get onto the bed and curl up beside Will, resting his head on his shoulder. Will didn't even look up from his book, just adjusting his position so Hannibal was more comfortable and he could also rest his fingers in his hair, stroking softly.

It was so quiet, Hannibal could hear his own heartbeat beating in tandem with Will's. He needed to share this knowledge, and regretfully, he began to pull away to reach for the writing pad on the bedside table. But he had only just broken away when Will's fingers were guiding him back to his previous place against his neck. He shifted his own seating position so he was no longer leaning against the headboard but instead relaxing his head against the pillows, and this change made it so that Hannibal could curl closer, pressing his face against his neck and inhaling the scent of lavender-sage shampoo from the still-wet curls brushing against his nose.

He let his eyes close, but his hand reached out behind him in a blind reach for the notebook. Will's fingers stroked through Hannibal's hair again, effectively distracting him.

"You don't need to get up," he reassures as Hannibal nudges at his neck. "I know, Hannibal."

How can you possibly know how much I adore you? Hannibal thought, still wanting to reach for the notebook and compose just a small fraction of his thoughts and emotions. Will laughs softly, setting his book down and gently moving Hannibal's head up so they could meet eye-to-eye. And Will's smile is so genuine and so, so much more than Hannibal had even hoped for.

"I know," Will said soothingly, and Hannibal heard his heartbeat, and he blamed the remnants of the cold on feeling lightheaded, even if he knew that wasn't entirely the case. They were both starting to feel drowsy. "I know," Will repeated, eyes half-closed, and Hannibal believed him before his head swam with images of damp curls and lavender-sage shampoo and he was heading on the path to dreams.

The next day, Will hangs up Cephy's leash at its hook by the front door, and watched fondly as she scurried off on her way back upstairs to presumably find one of her toys. His attention, however, was on the smell of something cooking on a low burner on the stove. A soup. Will couldn't resist lifting the lid when he entered the kitchen, and noted it was chicken and wild rice. The timer was not in its usual position on the counter, which meant that Hannibal was elsewhere. The curtain was pulled back from the sliding glass door, perhaps he was outside. Will made a thermos of sencha tea with honey and slipped out the door, and walked along the little path from their veranda down to the beach. It was November, so it was cold and the wind stung against your cheek, the grains of sand picked up in the breeze adding an extra edge.

Hannibal was sitting in the sand, atop one of the maroon beach towels supposedly already packed away for the winter season, and apparently sketching the rolling waves as they breached onto the shore, accompanied by a slate-gray sky. The timer was ticking away at his side. He looked up as Will approached, and smiled warmly at the company and the tea he provided.

"Hannibal, you're recovering from a cold, you shouldn't be out here," Will scolded with nothing behind it, taking a seat on the towel beside him. Hannibal closed his sketchbook and picked up the notebook to write out his message.

I could not sketch the sea before a storm from our window, Will.

"It will be here in the morning, or whenever it stops raining, whichever comes first."

It is not guaranteed that the coast and the dunes and the waves will be precisely the way they are at this very instant.

Will laughed a little to himself, letting his head drop onto Hannibal's shoulder as they both stared at the waves battering at the sands, leaving little broken shell pieces in their wake.

"No, it's not," Will agrees softly, sighing as Hannibal adjusts himself so that Will can relax even more. He closes his eyes. "So you're right; let's enjoy it as it is right now."

After last night consisting of creamy, rich soup and almost immediately retiring early to the warmth of their bed, Will finds himself awake earlier than usual in the morning. Too restless to fall back asleep, not tired enough to try. Instead, he untangles himself from the sheets and gets out of bed, blindly fumbling in the closet for a pair of pajama pants and sliding them on. He slips out the door and heads down the stairs towards the kitchen. It's still dark outside and the rain patters on the roof. He puts food in Cephy's bowl and start the process of making coffee, not up for making breakfast just yet.

However, while he's measuring the coffee grounds, a hand lightly resting on his hip nearly makes him spill the grounds everywhere. It shouldn't startle him, especially when he knows exactly who it is.

"It's cold out, I was getting some coffee and going right back upstairs," Will reassures as Hannibal's other hand rests on his other hip, pulling him closer and pressing his face against the side of Will's neck. Will raises an eyebrow even if Hannibal isn't looking. "So, you're feeling better, huh?"

Hannibal always finds a way to surprise him, and this morning is no different as he slowly moves up Will's neck all the way to the shell of his ear. "Yes," Hannibal murmurs, voice dark and raspy from disuse, and it sends a chill right down Will's spine and ties his own tongue in a knot.

"Um, Hannibal, what are you-" he's cut off by the slow kisses being bestowed on his neck.

And, on top of that, he forgets his train of thought as Hannibal rasps out, "Will. I love you," over and over in that damn voice. Frankly, it's a miracle they manage to make it back upstairs, though the painting on the landing is a bit crooked now. Hannibal still has not said anything other than *"Will"* and *"I love you."* Three days and no words, and now he's only using three.

"Hannibal," Will murmurs in between kisses as they fall back onto the sheets yet again. "Are - aren't you going to say anything else?" Wax some poetic or tell the dog to get off the couch or something.

Hannibal runs his teeth over Will's jugular, not enough to break skin, but the tantalizing image elicits a shiver from Will nonetheless. He can feel Hannibal's smile when he speaks again, and he will admit, he's missed it these past few days:

"What more do I possibly need to say? Will, I love you."

End Notes

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